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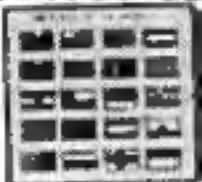
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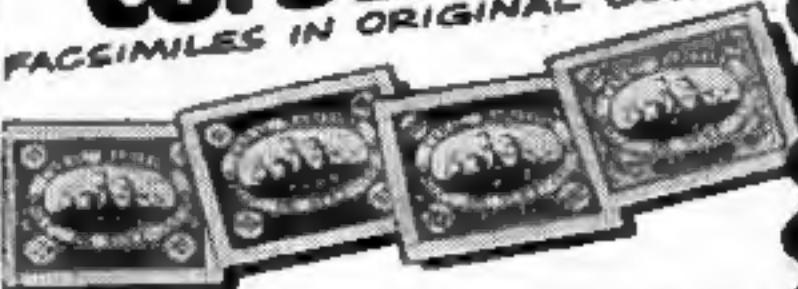
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BROADWAY APPROVALS, 50, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5.

MISSING, *Believed Killed*

IN THE EYES OF THE YOUNG, WAR HAS ALWAYS HELD THE PROMISE OF ADVENTURE. IT WAS THE SPRING OF 1918 WHEN 17-YEAR-OLD CHRIS DREW SWORE TO THE TWENTY YEARS HE LOOKED, AND CROSSED THE CHANNEL TO THE BATTLEGROUNDS OF FRANCE - ONLY TO LEARN THAT THE TASKS OF MEN CAN BE TOO GREAT FOR THE INEXPERIENCE OF BOYS.

HERE THEY COME!
TAKE THIS MESSAGE
BACK TO BATTALION,
DREW. AND GET
THROUGH, BOY, WE
NEED HELP!

Chapter 1. *Ordeal*

FOR THREE YEARS THERE HAD BEEN A DREADFUL STALEMATE ON THE WESTERN FRONT, BOTH SIDES LOSING HEAVILY IN THE SLOGGING BATTLES OF YPRES, MONS, AND THE SOMME. NOW, AS THE FLANDERS POPPIES BLOOMED AGAIN, THE GERMANS WERE STAGING A DESPERATE BREAKTHROUGH. IT WAS A TOUGH BAPTISM OF WAR FOR A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY...



A FEW SHORT WEEKS TRAINING, A POSTING TO AN INFANTRY UNIT AND THEN UP INTO THE FRONT LINE BEFORE HE COULD BARELY GET ACCLIMATISED TO THE MUD AND THE SOUL-DESTROYING FRIGHTFULNESS OF TRENCH WARFARE...



Missing, Believed Killed

5

THE LONG BARRAGE PRECEDING THE ATTACK HAD SHAKEN THE BOY MORE THAN HE DARED ADMIT. THE MEN'S SPINE - CHILLING STORIES OF GAS- ATTACKS, THE DEATH - DEALING MINENWERFERS, THE MULTI - BARRELLED MORTARS - AND NOW THIS CHARGE BY A NUMERICALLY STRONGER ENEMY - HAD LEFT HIS NERVES RAW. HE STUMBLED ALONG TOWARDS THE COMMUNICATION TRENCHES...



HE WAS NERVOUS ALL RIGHT! HE COULD NOT CONTROL THE TREMBLING OF HIS LIMBS AS HE STAGGERED ON.

AND I WANTED TO BE A SOLDIER! IF ONLY I COULD STOP BEING FRIGHTENED!



THE COMMUNICATION TRENCHES, SHALLOWER AND NARROWER THAN THE BATTLE TRENCHES, LED BACK TO THE RESERVE LINE, WHERE BATTALION HEADQUARTERS LAY IN DEEP DUG-OUTS. BUT THE ENEMY'S CREEPING BARRAGE HAD REACHED THERE BEFORE HIM...

THEY'RE SHELLING IT ALL THE WAY! I CAN'T GET THROUGH!



4 Missing, Believed Killed

HE COULD NOT BE BLAMED FOR HIS NEXT ACTION. IN THE HOLOCAUST OF THAT WAR, HUNDREDS OF MEN LOST THEIR NERVE - AND CHRIS DREW WAS ONLY A BOY. HE SCRAMBLED OUT OF THE TRENCH AND BEGAN A CRAZY RUN ACROSS THE BATTLE - SCARRED GROUND.

I'VE GOT
TO GET
AWAY! I DON'T
WANT TO
DIE!



THIS WAS DESERTION. THE PENALTY WAS DEATH - IF HE LIVED TO FACE THE COURT-MARTIAL. DREW KNEW HE SHOULD HAVE TRIED TO GET THE MESSAGE THROUGH, BUT HE COULD NOT STOP HIMSELF IN HIS DESPERATE STUMBLING RUN AWAY FROM THE SHELL-FIRE.



Missing, Believed Killed

5

HOW THE COTTAGE HAD SURVIVED WAS A MYSTERY. LIKE THE TOWER OF YPRES CATHEDRAL, IT HAD STOOD FOURSQUARE TO AN INFERNO OF SHELLS. THE STRONG STONE WALLS SEEMED TO OFFER REFUGE TO THE FRIGHTENED BOY.



DREW WAS WITHIN YARDS OF THE BACK DOOR WHEN A SHELL SCREAMED DOWN, THE BLAST HURLING HIM FORWARD...



Chapter 2. *Blitzkrieg*

A GENERATION LATER, THE COTTAGE WAS STILL STANDING AND THE GERMANS WERE AGAIN FLOODING ACROSS THE LOW COUNTRIES. THREE MEN DROVE DOWN THE ROAD IN AN ARMY TRUCK, HEADING FOR A CHANNEL PORT. THE RAIN MISTING THE WINDSCREEN OF THE TRUCK SEEMED TO MAKE NO DIFFERENCE TO THE DRIVER.



CUT OFF FROM THEIR COMPANY, THE THREE MEN WERE TRYING TO MAKE IT ALONE TO THE COAST. JOE JOHNSON, THE DRIVER, KEPT THE JUDDERING WHEEL STEADY. STOLID, DEPENDABLE, JOE DID NOT PANIC EASILY.



Missing, Believed Killed

7

JOE WAS CONFIDENT - BUT HE HAD NO CHANCE TO SEE THE NEXT SHELL CRATER. AS ONE FRONT WHEEL DROPPED INTO THE HOLE, THE TRUCK HUNG SICKENINGLY IN THE AIR, THEN PITCHED OVER, FLINGING OUT THE THREE MEN.

I TOLD YOU!

NARK IT.
WE'RE NOT
DEAD YET!



IT WAS A DISASTER! WITH THE TRUCK WRITTEN OFF, THEIR CHANCES OF GETTING AWAY HAD SHRUNK TO NOTHING. BUT ONLY ONE OF THE THREE SHOWED HIS FEAR...

H-HOW WE
DON'T STAND
AN EARTHLY!

I'VE TOLD YOU
BEFORE, HAWKINS
-WHEN IT'S YOUR
TIME TO GET BUMPED
OFF - YOU'LL GET
BUMPED OFF!



Missing, Believed Killed

THAT WAS SINCLAIR. AN ARTIST, HE BELIEVED IN FATE. IF A BULLET HAD YOUR NAME ON IT - THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD DO ABOUT IT! AT TIMES LIKE THESE, IT WAS A COMFORTING PHILOSOPHY...



THE STUKA POUNCED LIKE A HAWK, AND A BOMB PLUMMETED DOWN !
THE THREE MEN DIVED FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE DITCH.



Missing, Believed Killed

THEY KNEW THE GERMANS WERE ON THEIR HEELS. WITHOUT TRANSPORT, THEY WERE IN DESPERATE TROUBLE. YET THEY STRUCK ACROSS COUNTRY, HOPING TO FIND SHELTER DURING THE COMING NIGHT. IT RAINED LITTLE DURING THAT MAY OF 1940 - BUT THIS WAS ONE OF THE BAD DAYS.

HEY! LOOK
AT THAT PLACE!
IT'LL DO - LET'S
GET IN OUT OF
THE WET



THEY HAD TO HELP THE EXHAUSTED HAWKINS, WHO WAS NEARLY OUT ON HIS FEET. AS THEY NEARED THE COTTAGE, SINCLAIR GAVE THEM ANOTHER GEM OF HIS WISDOM.

WHY SHOULD
WE WORRY ANYWAY?
IT'LL BE ALL THE
SAME A HUNDRED
YEARS FROM
NOW!

DON'T TALK
DRIVEL! IF I'M THE
SAME IN TWENTY
YEARS FROM NOW,
SINCLAIR - I'LL - I'LL
BUY YOU A
PERISHING DRINK!



THERE WAS THE REMAINS OF A MEAL ON THE TABLE, LONG COLD. IT HAD BEEN A HARD WINTER AND THERE WAS AN ATMOSPHERE OF DARKNESS IN THE PLACE INTENSIFIED BY THE RAIN OUTSIDE



JOE - I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID OUT THERE. DO YOU RECKON WE'LL STILL BE AROUND IN TWENTY YEARS' TIME?



JOE NEVER HAD UNDERSTOOD HAWKINS. BUT CLEARLY HE NEEDED CHEERING UP!

OF COURSE WE WILL! HERE - LET'S MAKE A DEAL TO MEET UP TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW - ON THE TWENTIETH OF MAY, NINETEEN SIXTY!



Missing, Believed Killed

11

EVEN SINCLAIR PLAYED ALONG WITH THE IDEA. HE, TOO, SAW HAWKINS' DEPRESSED STATE AND WANTED TO SNAP HIM OUT OF IT.



SUDDENLY, THE DOOR OPENED. JOE HAD HIS RIFLE READY IN A FLASH. A MAN STOOD WEAKLY IN THE DOORWAY, HOLDING HIMSELF UPRIGHT BY CLUTCHING AT THE DOOR SURROUND. AT JOE'S CHALLENGE, HE SPOKE...



THE NEWCOMER WAS ENGLISH. JOE COULD SEE THAT, AS HIS FINGER RELAXED ON THE TRIGGER. HE LOOKED LIKE A CIVILIAN - ON THE RUN LIKE THEMSELVES.

WHERE THE HECK
DID YOU SPRING
FROM? WHO ARE YOU,
ANYWAY?



THE STRANGER SEEMED TO BE IN A DAYDREAM. BUT HIS FACE HAD BRIGHTENED, AS IF SOMETHING HAD PLEASED HIM.

MY NAME'S DREW
I HEARD YOU TALKING
ABOUT MEETING IN
TWENTY YEARS' TIME. I'D
LIKE TO COME, TOO. HOW
ABOUT MAKING IT THE
TURK'S HEAD JUST OFF
OXFORD STREET?



Chapter 3. *The Frightened Man*

TWENTY YEARS - HOW QUICKLY THEY PASS! THE PLACE WAS THE TURK'S HEAD OFF OXFORD STREET, LONDON. THE TIME - THE TWENTIETH OF MAY 1960. IN THE BALLOON BAR, A BLUFF, GENIAL LONDON TAXI-DRIVER GREETED TWO MEN...



14 Missing, Believed Killed

THEY TALKED OF THEIR ADVENTURES AFTER THE WAR - HAWKINS OF HIS SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS IN THE MIDLANDS, SINCLAIR OF HIS LATEST EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, AND JOE JOHNSON OF THE NEW CAB HE HAD BOUGHT. AND THEY WATCHED THE DOOR EVERY TIME IT SWUNG OPEN...



IT HAD BEEN DREW WHO HAD CHOSEN THIS RENDEZVOUS, YET HE WAS THE ONLY ONE MISSING. EVEN SO, ANYTHING COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THE MAN SINCE THAT MEMORABLE DAY IN 1940.



FOR A MOMENT THEY ARGUED... THEN JOE SETTLED IT.

LET'S FIND OUT WHO SAW HIM LAST. REMEMBER HOW WE'D DECIDED TO SPLIT UP AND GET TO THE COAST ON OUR OWN? DREW SAID HE'D GIVE YOU A HAND, HAWKINS. WHAT HAPPENED THEN?



HAWKINS LET HIS MIND DRIFT BACK TO THAT DAY IN THE COTTAGE. HE HAD BEEN TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD - AND VERY FRIGHTENED. THE PLAN OF SPLITTING UP, EACH MAN ON HIS OWN, HAD NOT APPEALED TO HIM, AND HE HAD LEAPT AT DREW'S OFFER TO STICK WITH HIM.

AFTER YOU TWO HAD GONE, DREW AND I WAITED FOR A BIT...



HAWKINS' STORY CONTINUED. FOR SOME TIME THEY HAD SAT ALONE IN THE COTTAGE.



SUDDENLY, THE WINDOW CRASHED IN WITH A SPLINTERING OF BROKEN GLASS. A HARSH GERMAN VOICE RANG OUT...



HAWKINS SAT TRANSMIXED. HE STARED STRAIGHT INTO THE BARREL OF A SCHMEISSER CARBINE LIKE A MESMERISED RABBIT IN FRONT OF A SNAKE...



IN THE ANGLE OF THE WALL, DREW WAS HIDDEN FROM THE GERMAN. HE STRUCK SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY, AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, WRENCHED THE GUN FROM THE GERMAN'S CLUTCHES.



18 Missing, Believed Killed

DREW MOVED LIKE LIGHTNING TO THE COTTAGE DOORWAY, AS THE REST OF THE GERMAN PATROL APPEARED, HE TRIGGERED A STREAM OF LEAD AT THEM.



DREW SEEMED TO IGNORE THE WILD RETURN SHOTS THAT SPLINTERED THE DOOR POST NEXT TO HIM. COLDLY AND EFFICIENTLY HE FIRED AT THE SURPRISED ATTACKERS.



RECOVERING FROM THE SHOCK, HAWKINS WAS GALVANISED INTO ACTION. DREW, WITHOUT HASTE, BEGAN TO FILL HIS POCKETS WITH GERMAN AMMUNITION.



DREW WAS SUPREMELY CONFIDENT. THIS WAS A DIFFERENT MAN TO THE BOY WHOSE NERVE HAD CRACKED WHEN THE BARRAGE HAD ~~HIT~~ HIM... IF THE YEARS IN BETWEEN HAD DONE MORE THAN CHANGE A BOY INTO A MAN.



DREW LED THE WAY ALONG FIELD PATHS HE SEEMED TO KNOW WELL AT LAST THEY REACHED A FARMHOUSE BORDERING THE MAIN ROAD.

WE CAN GO TO GROUND THERE. MAYBE SOME OF OUR TRUCKS WILL PASS. THE REAR-GUARD MAY NOT HAVE PULLED OUT YET.



BUT HAWKINS WAS STILL JITTERY, HE WOULD HAVE JUMPED AT HIS OWN TREMBLING SHADOW.

WILL IT BE SAFE? HOW DO WE KNOW THE FARMER WON'T SHOOT US?

THE BELGIANS ARE GOOD PEOPLE - THEY WILL SHELTER US.



BUT WHEN THEY REACHED THE FARM, THE BEARDED BELGIAN REFUSED CHRIS DREW'S REQUEST.

GO! WE DO NOT WANT YOU HERE WHEN THE BOCHES COME!



FOR A MOMENT, DREW LOOKED PUZZLED.

BU T
YOU CANNOT
MEAN THAT --
I AM YOUR
NEIGHBOUR

I MUST
THINK OF MY
WIFE AND
CHILD -- THE
NAZIS WILL
SHOW US NO
MERCY.



IT WAS OBVIOUS THE FARMER WAS NOT GOING TO CO-OPERATE. HIDING
ENGLISHMEN WAS A DANGEROUS BUSINESS WITH THE GERMANS NOT FAR AWAY,
TOO DANGEROUS FOR A MAN WITH A FAMILY TO SAFEGUARD.

WE WILL
NOT STAY LONG --
ONLY UNTIL A
BRITISH VEHICLE
GOES BY!



22 Missing, Believed Killed

GRUMBLING, THE BELGIAN GAVE WAY. AT DREW'S DIRECTION, HE TOLD HIS WIFE TO PROVIDE FOOD FOR THE TWO MEN.

THAT'S BETTER.
DO NOT BE AFRAID.
THE BOCHES WILL
NOT COME HERE.

THEY WON'T?
THEN WHAT'S
THIS LOT OUTSIDE
- SCOTCH MIST?



A GERMAN ARMoured CAR WAS PULUNG INTO THE FARMYARD! HAWKINS PANICKED AGAIN AS DREW WHIPPED A GRENADE FROM HIS BELT.

WE'LL BE CAUGHT
LIKE RATS IN
A TRAP!

LES BOCHES!
THEY WILL KILL
US!



DREW TURNED ON THE BELGIAN, BITING MENACE IN HIS VOICE. CAUGHT BETWEEN THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA, THE FARMER GAVE IN.

WE ARE GOING TO THE BARN! IF THE BOCHES COME, I SHALL KNOW YOU HAVE GIVEN US AWAY— AND I WILL BLOW YOUR HOUSE UP WITH THIS!

HIDE YOURSELF— I WILL NOT TELL THEM...



THEY REACHED THE BARN FROM THE REAR OF THE FARMHOUSE. DREW LED THE WAY AT A RUN.

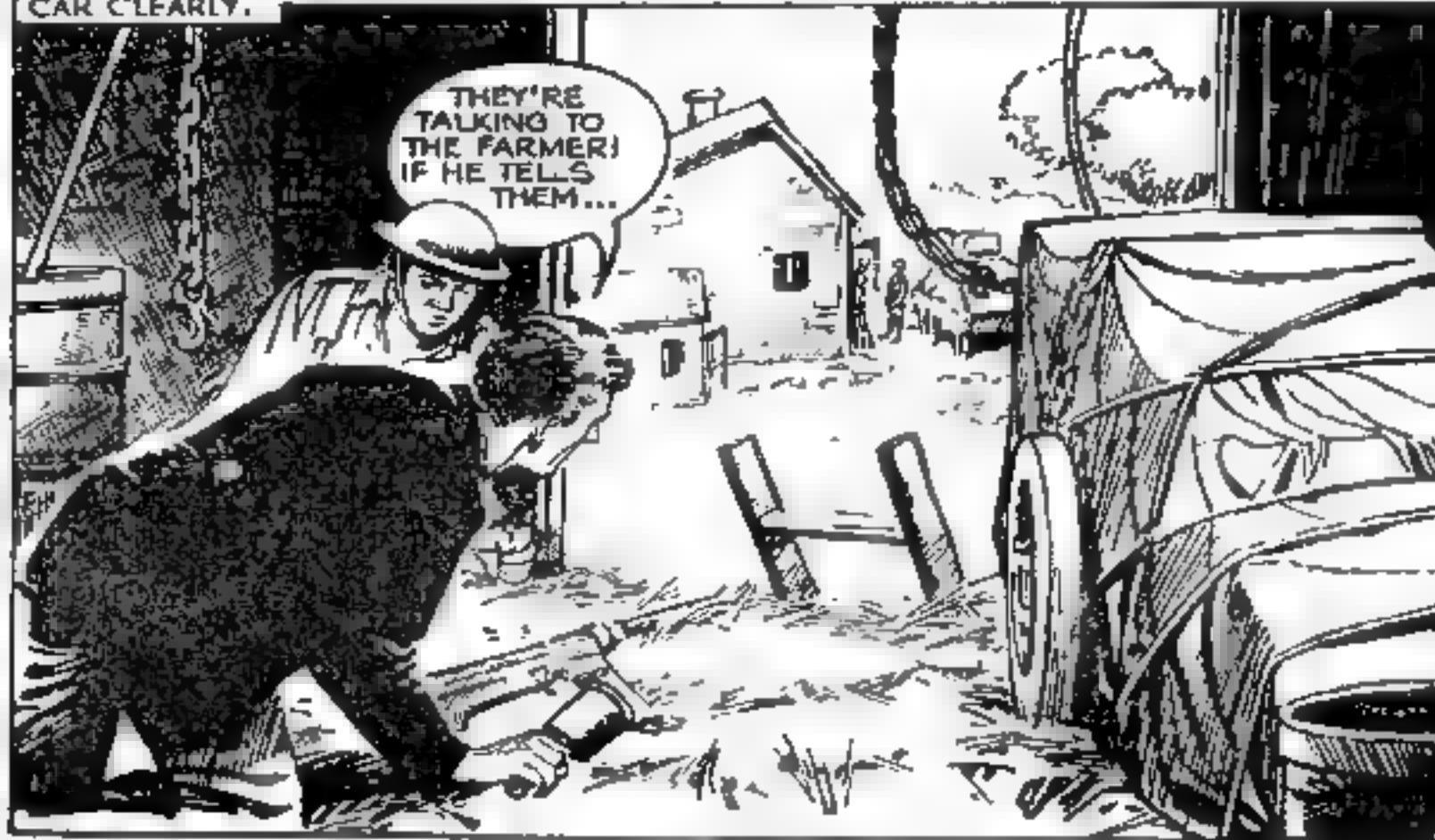
UP THERE, QUICKLY, MAN!

PHEW! I'M FAGGED OUT—



FROM THE UPPER FLOOR OF THE BARN, THE TWO MEN COULD SEE THE ARMOURED CAR CLEARLY.

THEY'RE TALKING TO THE FARMER! IF HE TELS THEM...



Missing, Believed Killed

FOR A TENSE MINUTE THEY WAITED, ONLY HAWKINS' PANTING BREATH BREAKING THE SILENCE. THEN...



THE GERMAN ARMOURED VEHICLE ROARED ACROSS THE FARMYARD AND SCREECHED TO A HALT BENEATH THEM. HAWKINS SHRANK BACK INTO THE SHADOWS!



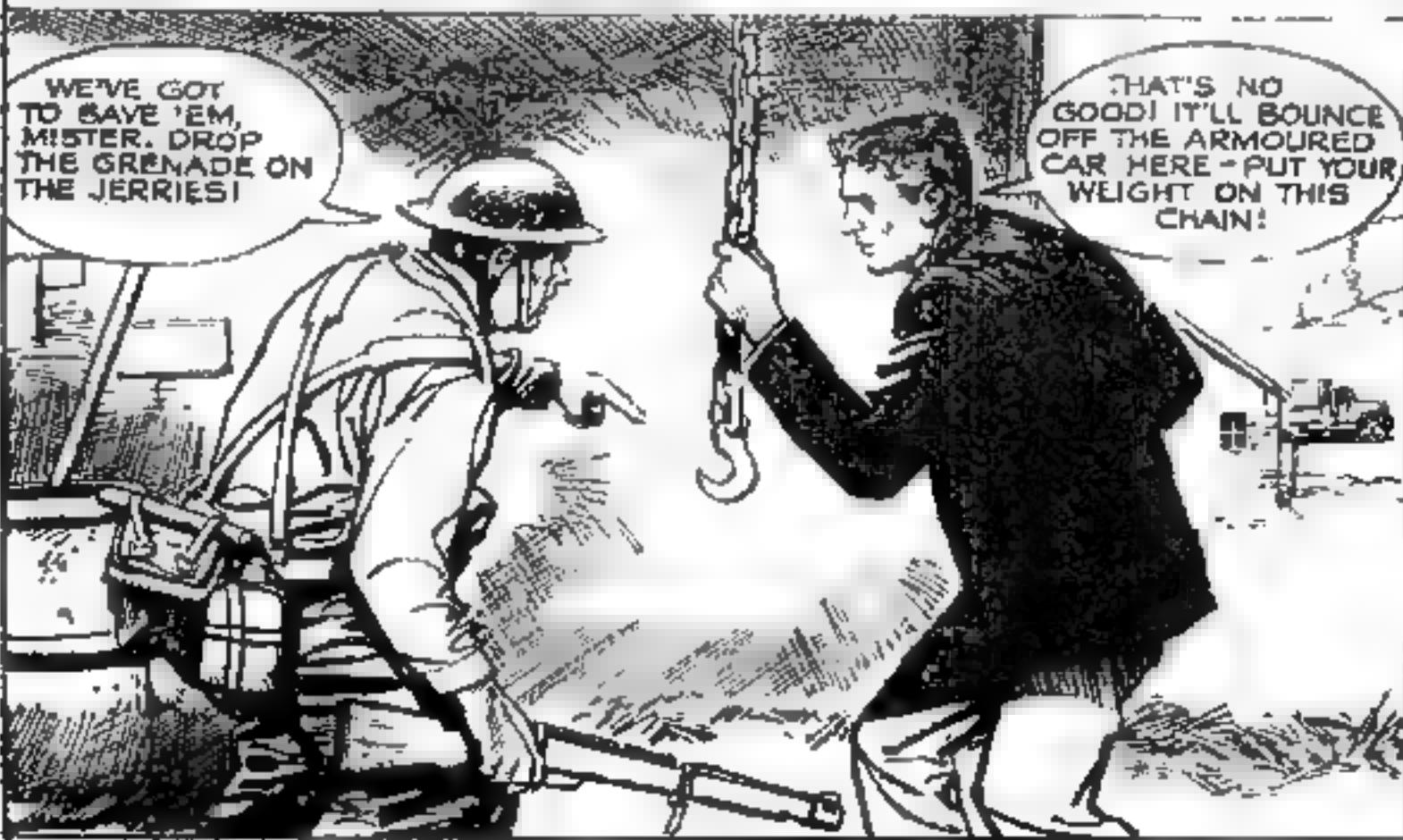
DREW WAS JUST ABOUT TO HURL THE GRENADE, WHEN HE SAW THE REASON FOR THE GERMANS' HURRIED CHANGE OF POSITION. TWO BRITISH TRUCKS WERE HEADING WEST, THE LAST OF THE DIVISION'S REARGUARD...



THE ENEMY WAS TOO EAGER FOR THE KILL. THE FIRST SHOTS FROM THE ARMOURED CAR HIT NOTHING, AND WARNED THE ONCOMING TRUCKS OF THE DANGER. DESPERATELY, THEY TRIED TO SWING ROUND...



IN THE BARN, HAWKINS FACED DREW. FRIGHTENED AS HE WAS, THE FAT MAN SHOWED A RARE SPARK OF COURAGE.



HAWKINS SWUNG ALL HIS THIRTEEN STONE ON TO THE CHAIN AND DREW FIXED THE HOOK ON TO A LARGE PULPING MACHINE THAT STOOD TO ONE SIDE IN THE HAY-LOFT.



WITH THE RATCHET RUNNING FREE, THE HEAVY, CAST-IRON PULPING MACHINE SWUNG THROUGH THE DOOR AND PLUNGED DOWNWARDS THE BARREL OF THE GERMAN GUN AND THE FRONT OF THE TURRET SHEARED AWAY LIKE PAPER!



Missing, Believed Killed

THE GERMANS STRUGGLED TO FREE THE TURRET COVER. ALMOST CASUALLY, DREW LEANED OUT AND DROPPED THE STICK GRENADE INTO THE OPENING. THE RISING TURRET COVER HAD EXPOSED. THERE WAS A MUFFLED EXPLOSION - AND FIRE STREAKED FROM EVERY APERTURE IN THE VEHICLE



THE BRITISH OFFICER WITH THE TRUCK OFFERED THEM BOTH A LIFT. IT WOULD BE NO JOYRIDE. GERMAN PANZERS WERE SAVAGING THE COUNTRYSIDE IN PACKS AND STUKAS WERE HUNTING FOR TARGETS. BUT IT WAS A CHANCE TO REACH SAFETY.



BUT DREW SHOOK HIS HEAD. HE WAS NOT GOING. HE RESISTED ALL HAWKINS' PLEAS AND ARGUMENTS.

GOOD LUCK
TO YOU. I'VE
GOT SOMETHING
ELSE TO DO
BEFORE I SHOVE
OFF.



THE FAT MAN LOOKED AT THE RECEDING FIGURE. HE WAS A STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER BUT HAWKINS WAS DETERMINED ON ONE THING - HE OWED HIS LIFE TO THIS MAN!

THE TURK'S HEAD,
OFF OXFORD STREET.
TWENTY YEARS FROM
TODAY, I'LL BE THERE,
MISTER DREW!



Chapter 4. Defiant Village

IT WAS SINCLAIR WHO HAD TAKEN UP THE THREAD OF THE STORY, LEAVING THE COTTAGE HE AND JOE JOHNSON HAD INTENDED TO STRIKE OUT ALONE, BUT THEY DID NOT GET THE CHANCE! THE LEADING NAZI TROOPS HAD ALREADY REACHED THE AREA.

HALTEN SIE!
HALTEN!



THE TWO MEN DOUBLED BACK TOWARDS THE COTTAGE, THEN FOLLOWED A DITCH ALONG THE EDGE OF A FIELD.

LET'S KEEP AWAY FROM THE COTTAGE. WE'D BE TRAPPED IN THERE. I RECKON HAWKIN'S AND THAT ODD BLOKE'LL BE ROPED IN.



FROM THEIR HIDING-PLACE, THEY HAD WATCHED THE ENEMY TROOPS HEAD FOR THE COTTAGE. JOE HAD WANTED TO FIRE WARNING SHOTS, BUT SINCLAIR HAD POINTED OUT ITS USELESSNESS.

THAT WON'T SAVE THEM! THEY'VE HAD IT ANYWAY. NO USE STICKING OUR NECKS OUT



THE WAY DREW HAD DEALT WITH THE GERMANS HAD LEFT JOE SPEECHLESS WITH ADMIRATION...

STONE THE CROWS! THAT BLOKE'S A WIZARD. LET'S JOIN UP WITH 'EM AGAIN!



NO, WE'LL STICK TO THE PLAN. EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF. HAWKINS'LL BE OKAY WITH THAT GUY

IT HAD BEEN JOE JOHNSON'S IDEA TO TAKE AN ABANDONED GERMAN MOTOR-CYCLE. IT MIGHT GET THEM MILES ON THEIR WAY BEFORE THEY HAD TO DISCARD IT.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA - BUT I CAN'T DRIVE ONE!

THAT'S OKAY. YOU RIDE ON THE BOX AS PASSENGER. COME ON!



BUT BEFORE THEY REACHED THE MOTOR-CYCLES, ANOTHER SECTION OF THE GERMAN RECCE SQUADRON ROARED DOWN THE SIDE LANE, FORCING THEM TO ABANDON THE PLAN.

WE'RE TOO LATE!

THAT'S FATE! WE WEREN'T MEANT TO GET AWAY!



FOR FORTY MINUTES, THEY KEPT UNDER COVER AS THE NEWLY ARRIVED GERMANS FOUND THEIR DEAD COMRADES AT THE COTTAGE. THEN SEARCHED THE AREA, LEAVING A GUARD ON THE BIKES. FINALLY JOE'S PATIENCE GAVE WAY

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S RUSH THE GUARD. WE CAN GET AWAY BEFORE THE REST TWIG IT!



IT'S LIKE SLAPPING THE FACE OF PROVIDENCE, JOE - BUT I'LL RISK IT.



THEY REACHED THE TWO GUARDS UNDETECTED. SINCLAIR'S RIFLE SWUNG IN A VICTIOUS ARC, WHILE JOE PUT AN ARM LOCK ON THE OTHER SENTRY.

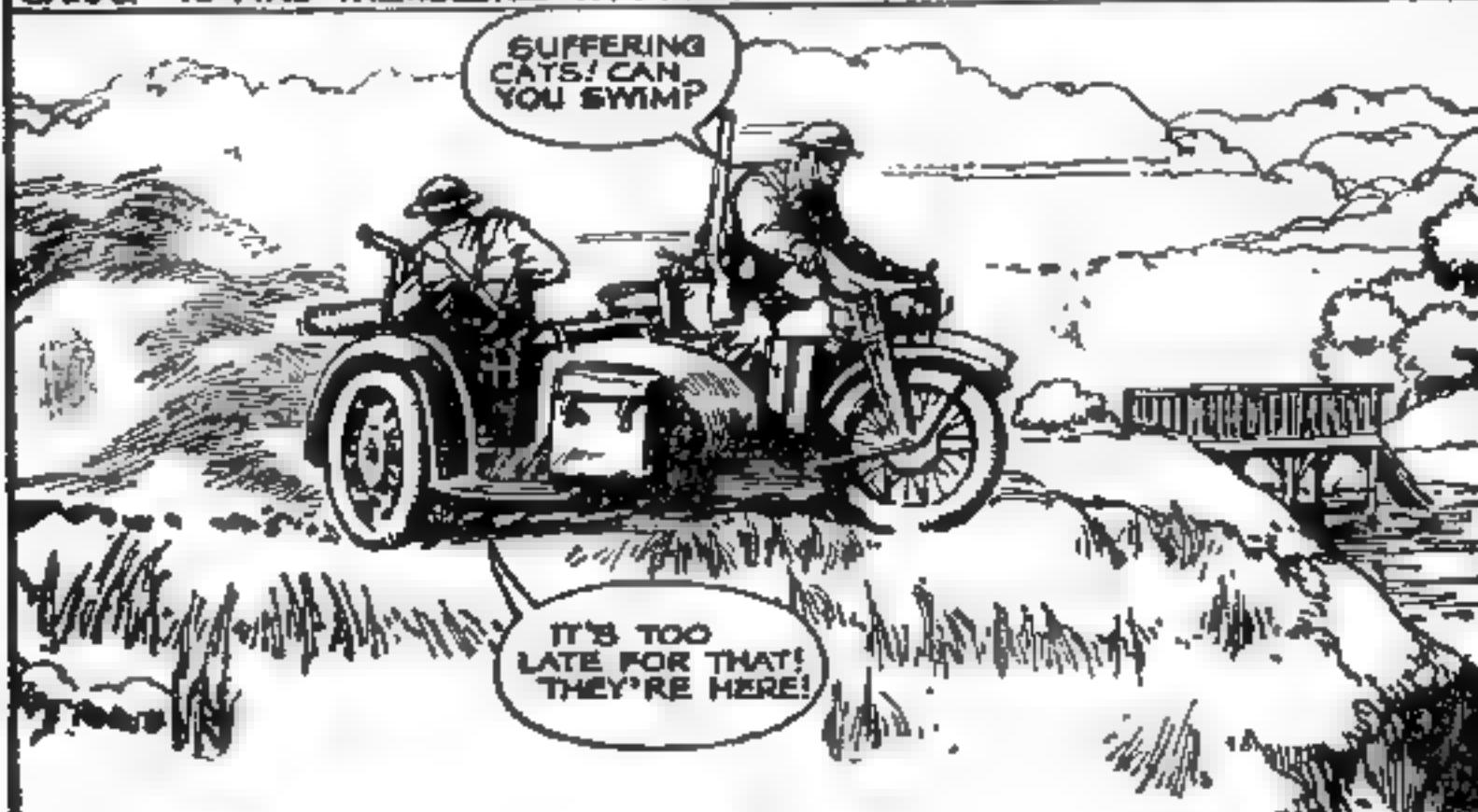


Missing, Believed Killed

ALARMED BY THE SPLUTTERING ROAR OF THE ENGINE AS JOE KICKED IT TO LIFE, THE SEARCHING GERMANS CAME RACING BACK. IN THEIR HURRY TO REACH THE MOTOR-CYCLES, THEY FIRED WILDLY AFTER THE FUGITIVES...



IT WAS A DESPERATE RACE. WITH THREE GERMAN MOTOR-CYCLE TEAMS ON THEIR TRACK, JOE STRUGGLED TO HOLD HIS LEAD. THEY REACHED A CANAL - TO FIND THEMSELVES TRAPPED! THE BRIDGE HAD BEEN BLOWN UP!



OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED, THEY WAITED FOR THE GERMANS TO COME WITHIN RANGE, PREPARED TO DO THEIR BEST, THOUGH THE OUTCOME WAS INEVITABLE. SUDDENLY, A STICK GRENADE SEEMED TO FLY OUT OF NOWHERE...



THE EXPLOSION SHATTERED THE LEADING GERMAN MOTOR-CYCLE COMBINATION. AS THE FOLLOWING MACHINES PILED UP ON THE WRECKAGE, THE STUTTER OF A SCHMEISSER CARBINE RANG OUT ABOVE THE SHOUTS OF THE ASTONISHED GERMANS.



MISTER DREW! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! WHERE DID YOU SPRING FROM?

NEVER MIND THAT NOW. YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE. DRIVE THE BIKE ALONG THE CANAL TOW-PATH. I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY.



DREW WOULD ANSWER NO QUESTIONS, EXCEPT TO ASSURE THEM THAT HAWKINS WAS SAFE. HE MADE JOE STEER THE COMBINATION ALONG THE TOW-PATH, A BUMPY, RISKY RIDE, WITH ONLY JOE JOHNSON'S SKILL KEEPING THEM FROM A PLUNGE INTO THE WATER.

NOT SO FAST, JOE! YOU'LL HAVE US IN!

STOP WORRYING, SINCLAIR!



THEY FOLLOWED THE CANAL NORTH, HEADING FOR THE SAND DUNES OF THE COAST. THE ENEMY, FLOODING ACROSS FLANDERS, HAD YET TO REACH THIS FAR, BUT THEY WERE EXPECTED - AS THEY FOUND IN THE VILLAGE OF AANST!



AS THE BIKE COUGED TO A STANDSTILL, A SHOT RANG OUT, THEN ANOTHER, RICOCHETING FROM THE GROUND NEAR THEM ..



THE THREE MEN RAISED THEIR HANDS VILLAGERS, GENDARMES AND ONE OR TWO BELGIAN SOLDIERS, SURGED FORWARD EXCITEDLY. DREW FOUND ONE MAN WHO SPOKE ENGLISH.



IT WAS A VILLAGE ON THE BRINK OF VIOLENT WAR. THE PEOPLE NOT KNOWING WHETHER TO STAY OR TO FLEE. FOR THE SECOND TIME IN LIVING MEMORY, THE HATED BOCHE WAS DESECRATING THEIR LAND.



SINCLAIR LISTENED IN AMAZEMENT. DREW WAS ADVISING THEM TO SURRENDER!

WHAT SORT OF TALK IS THAT, DREW? NO WONDER THE JERRIES ARE WINNING IF EVERYBODY THINKS THAT WAY!



QUIETLY, DREW TRIED TO EXPLAIN. HE SAW NO SENSE IN UNTRAINED CIVILIANS TRYING TO STOP A BLITZKRIEG.

THAT WAS THE ARMY'S JOB - AND THEY'VE FAILED. WHY SHOULD THESE PEOPLE GET THEMSELVES KILLED?



IT'S EVERYBODY'S JOB TO FIGHT TO THE LAST. YOU KNOW MY PHILOSOPHY - IF THEY'VE GOT TO DIE, THEY'LL DIE!



AS IF TO UNDERLINE HIS WORDS, A FLIGHT OF STUKAS CAME WINGING OUT OF THE SKY, MACHINE-GUNS CHATTERING, SCORNING TO WASTE THEIR BOMBS ON SUCH AN INSIGNIFICANT TARGET.

STUKAS! AND THEY'RE MOWING DOWN THE VILLAGERS IN COLD BLOOD!



10 Missing, Believed Killed

THE STUKAS DISAPPEARED AGAIN, LEAVING A PITIFUL SCATTERING OF DEAD AND WOUNDED. SINCLAIR, HIS FACE WHITE WITH FURY, TURNED ON DREW.



IT WAS TIME TO GO! ALONG THE LINE OF THE CANAL CAME THE SPEARHEAD OF THE ADVANCING GERMAN ARMY...



OBSTINATE AS ONLY AN IDEALIST CAN BE, SINCLAIR REFUSED TO MOVE. HE DEMANDED THE RIGHT TO STAY AT THE SIDE OF THE FIGHTING - MAD VILLAGERS.



IT WAS CRAZY FROM THE START, BUT DREW DROPPED HIS ARGUMENTS AND TOOK UP HIS PLACE AT THE BARRICADE. THE LEADING ARMOURED CAR WAS CLOSE...



DREW HAD MADE IT CLEAR HOW HE FELT. BUT NOW THEY WERE COMMITTED TO AIDING THE CIVILIANS, HE TOOK COMMAND OF THE MOTLEY GROUP



DREW WAITED UNTIL THE ARMOURED CARS WERE WITHIN FORTY YARDS OF THE BARRIER. THE GERMAN CREWS OBVIOUSLY EXPECTED LITTLE OPPPOSITION.



THE LEADING VEHICLE LURCHED SIDWAYS AS A BURST OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE KILLED THE DRIVER. BUT THE CAR'S GUNNER WAS REAPING DEATH AMONG THE DEFENDERS.



QUICKLY, AIDED BY SOME OF THE BELGIANS, THEY CARRIED SINCLAIR INTO THE NEAREST HOUSE.



Missing, Believed Killed

SINCLAIR'S WOUND WAS SERIOUS. DREW THREW A QUICK GLANCE AT JOE...

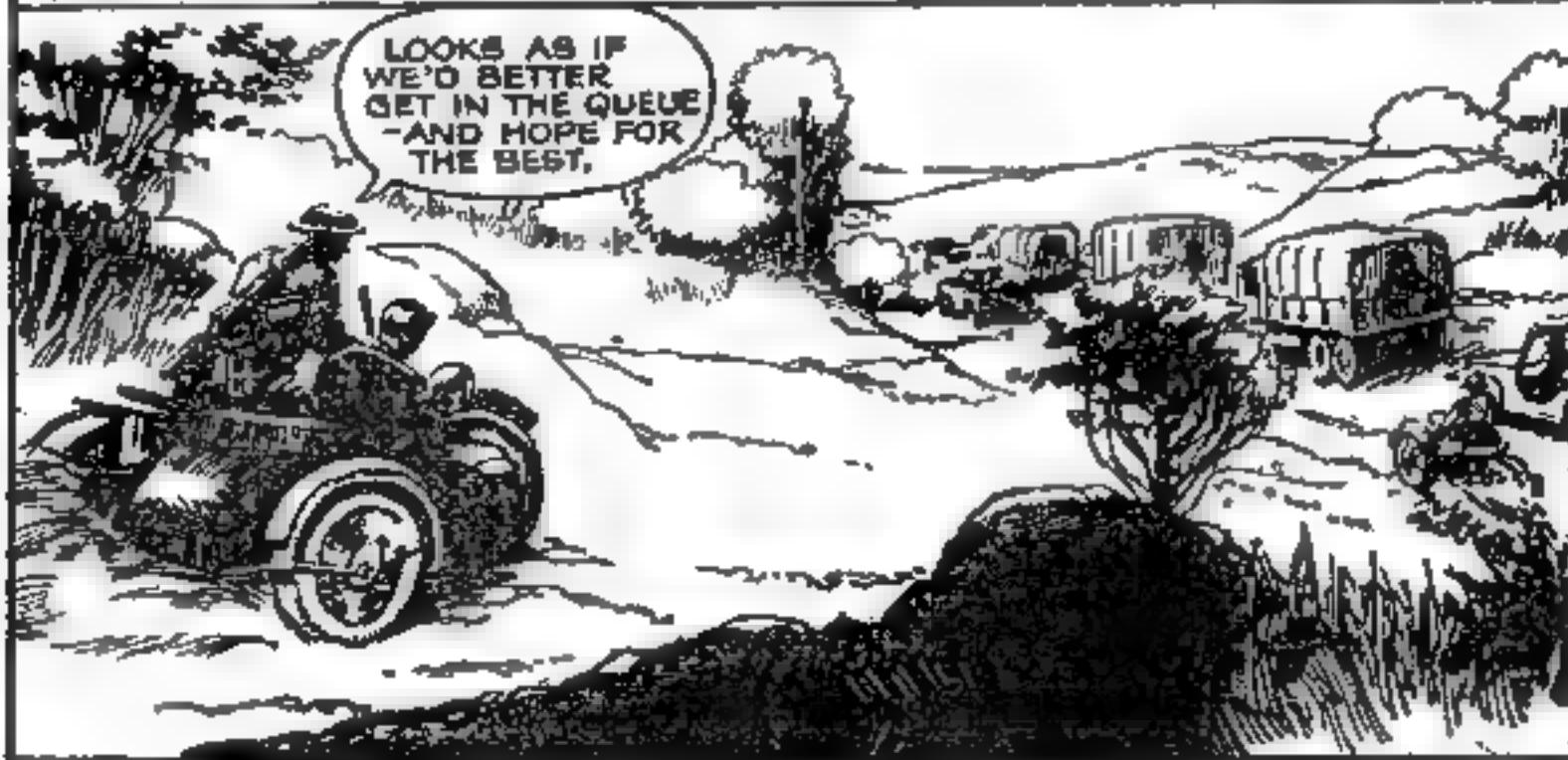


THEY DID AS HE ASKED. THERE WAS NO TIME NOW. THE OTHER ARMoured CARS WERE WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE - AND THE BELGIANS WERE WAVING A WHITE FLAG...



Chapter 5. *Mission Without Hope*

JOE JOHNSON HAD TIED UP SINCLAIR'S STORY AND CONTINUED WITH HIS OWN. FROM AANST THEY REACHED THE COAST ROAD. ALONG IT, THE RETREATING ALLIED ARMIES FLOWED TOWARDS DUNKIRK.



WHATEVER HAPPENED NOW, THEY WERE NOT ON THEIR OWN. JOE FELT A DEEP COMFORT AT THE THOUGHT, AND HE KNEW HE OWED IT TO DREW.



Missing, Believed Killed

WITH THE LESSENING OF TENSION, JOE BECAME CURIOUS ABOUT THE STRANGER WHO HAD DONE SO MUCH FOR ALL THREE OF THEM.



DREW SPOKE IN A FLAT, TONELESS VOICE, WITHOUT SPIRIT OR FIRE. JOE UNDERSTOOD - THIS MAN HAD LOST ALL HIS COMRADES...

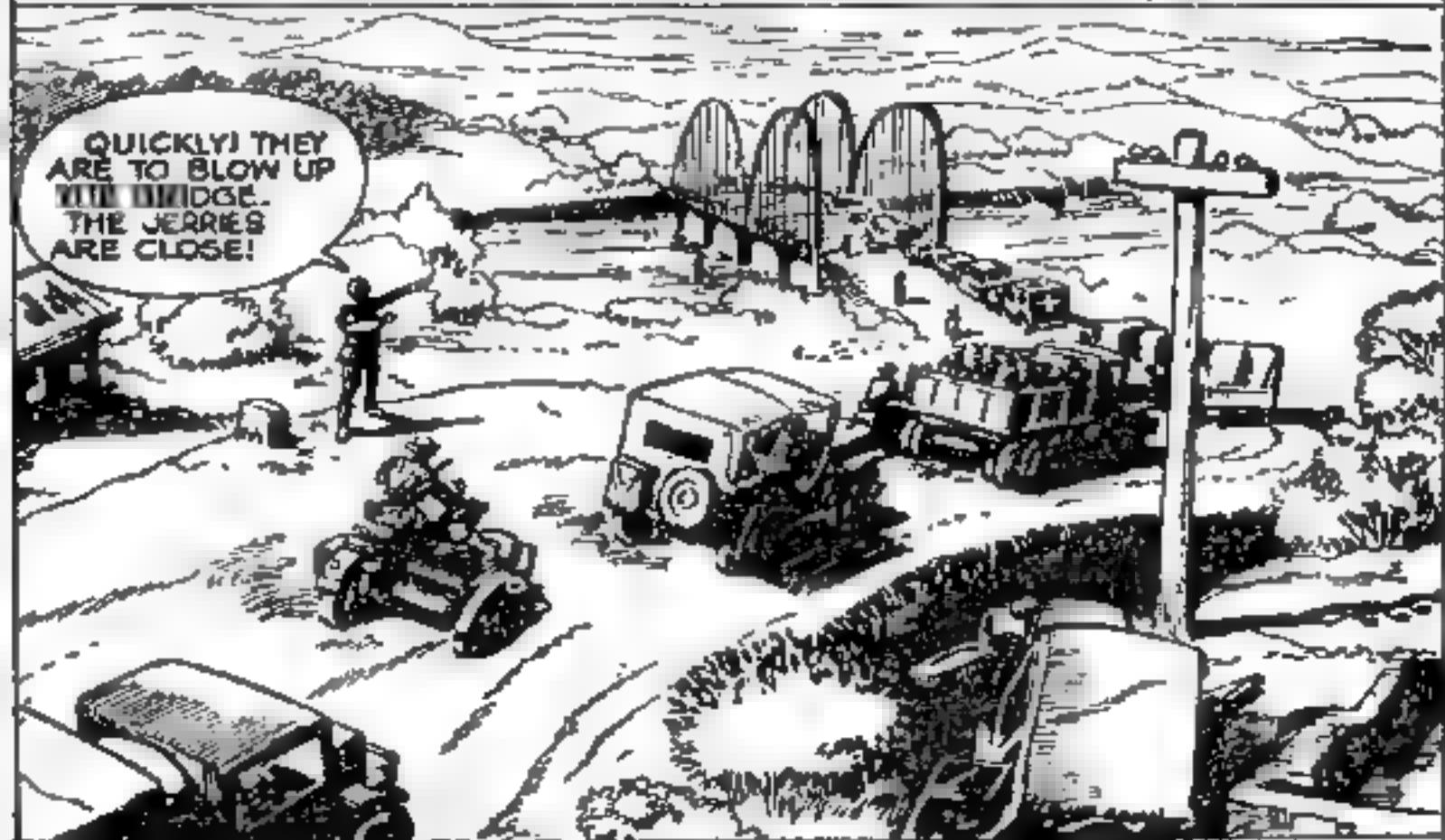


I COULDN'T HELP
RUNNING AWAY! I
KNEW IT WAS WRONG—
BUT I COULDN'T FACE
THE BARRAGE... I
WAS SCARED OUT OF
MY MIND!



IT DID NOT MAKE SENSE TO JOE JOHNSON. HE HAD LITTLE TIME TO FIGURE IT OUT AS THEY NEARED THE BIG BRIDGE SPANNING THE RIVER TO OSTEND.

QUICKLY! THEY
ARE TO BLOW UP
THE BRIDGE.
THE JERRIES
ARE CLOSE!



Missing, Believed Killed

ALREADY THE BIG PORT INSTALLATIONS WERE BEING DESTROYED. AS THE ALLIES COULD NOT HOLD THE PERIMETER, IT WAS NO USE AS AN EVACUATION PORT BUT THE BRIDGE LED TO THE EAST - TO DUNKIRK AND CALAIS.



THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE WAS SIMPLE - THEY HAD RUN OUT OF PETROL! THE BIKE COUGHED TO A STANDSTILL AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRIDGE - TO THE ANNOYANCE OF THE BRITISH MILITARY POLICEMEN.



THE TRAFFIC WAS LESSENING NOW, BUT THERE WAS A BIG ARMY THREE-TONNER DRIVING UP - A LATECOMER. JOE SIGNALLED IT TO STOP.



THEY LET THE TRUCK DRIVE ON AND SETTLED TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT ONE. SUDDENLY, DREW, WHO HAD BEEN STARING AFTER IT, GAVE A PIERCING SHOUT.

STOP THAT TRUCK! THEY'RE NOT PRISONERS! THEY'RE ALL GERMANS! IT'S A TRICK!



ONE ALERT MILITARY POLICEMAN AIMED HIS RIFLE AT THE CAB, FORCING THE DRIVER TO HALT. BUT THE "SERGEANT" IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK OPENED UP AT DREW...

HOLD IT
RIGHT THERE,
PAL.

SCHWEINHUND!



NEXT SECOND, THE BRIDGE WAS THE SCENE OF A BATTLE ROYAL. THE PRISONERS Poured OUT OF THE TRUCK, GRABBING CARBINES FROM BEHIND THE TAILBOARD.



Missing, Believed Killed

BUT THE GERMANS WERE TOO HEMMED IN TO MAKE THEIR SHOOTING DANGEROUS. THE BRITISH BULLETS THINNED THEIR RANKS, UNTIL AT LAST THEY SURRENDERED



THE JERRIES PLANNED TO DRIVE OVER THE BRIDGE, UNSUSPECTED, THEN PILE OUT AND HOLD IT UNTIL THE R TANKS GOT HERE! SURPRISE WAS ON THE R SIDE - THEY MIGHT HAVE PULLED IT OFF!



HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR DREW, THE OSTEND BRIDGE MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN DESTROYED - AND THE PANZERS WOULD HAVE HAD A CLEAR RUN TO DUNKIRK!

BUT HOW DID YOU GUESS IT WAS A JERRY TRICK?

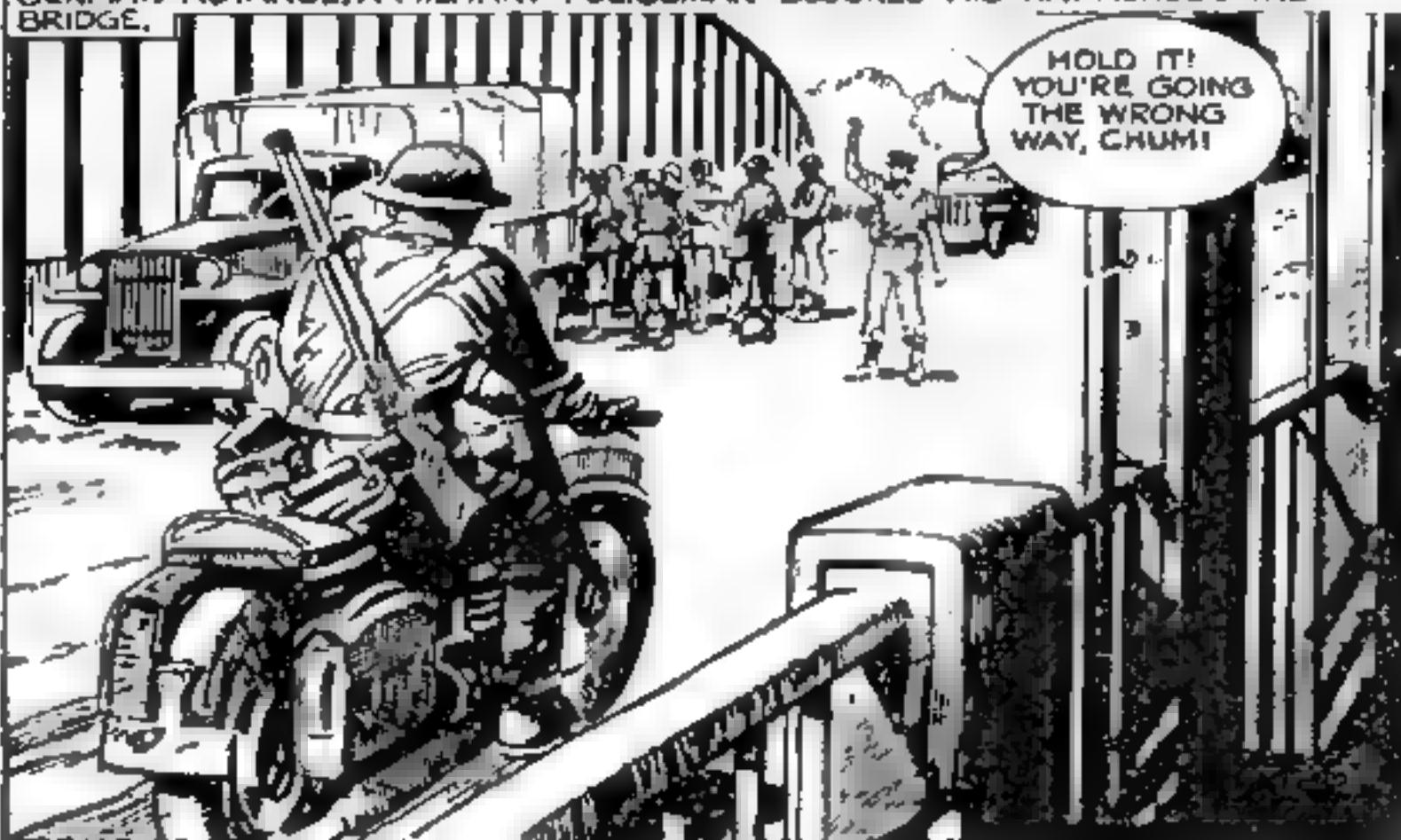
SOMEHOW I JUST KNEW. DON'T ASK ME HOW, JOE ...



JUST AS THEY WERE HERDING THE PRISONERS BACK TO THE TRUCK, A DISPATCH-RIDER CAME PELTING TOWARDS THEM.

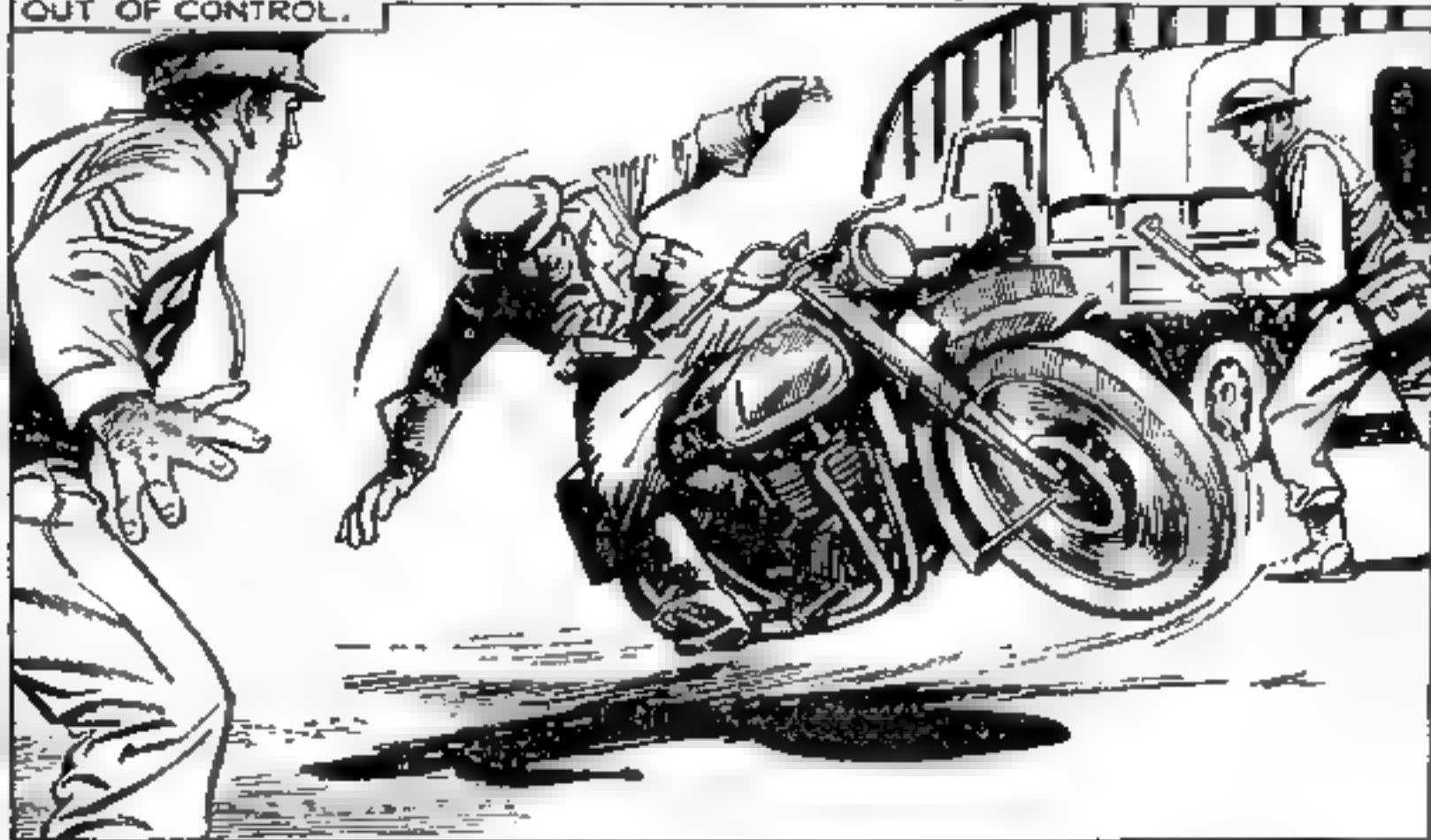


WHATEVER THE DISPATCH-RIDER WAS DOING, HE WAS HEADING TOWARDS THE GERMAN ADVANCE. A MILITARY POLICEMAN BLOCKED HIS WAY ACROSS THE BRIDGE.



39 Missing, Believed Killed

AS THE RIDER TRIED TO STOP, THE MACHINE SKIDDED, SWERVING VIOLENTLY OUT OF CONTROL.



THE RIDER CRASHED AWKWARDLY, HIS RIGHT LEG TWISTING OMINOUSLY BENEATH HIM.



IT WAS OBVIOUS TO DREW THAT THE BOY HAD BROKEN HIS LEG - BUT STILL THE YOUNG RIDER TRIED TO PULL HIMSELF TO HIS FEET. GENTLY, DREW EASED HIM BACK AGAIN.

STEADY, LAD
YOU WON'T BE
RIDING FOR
SOME TIME.

BUT I'VE
GOT TO GET
ON!

HE BEGAN TO TELL THEM OF HIS MISSION - A MISSION IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY SENDING A LONE DISPATCH-RIDER BACK INTO BELGIUM - LIKE A TERRIER INTO A PACK OF WOLVES.

I'VE GOT TO
GET TO CORPS
HEADQUARTERS -
WHEREVER THEY ARE
THEY CAN'T BE
CONTACTED BY
WIRELESS.



IT WAS A CRAZY, ALMOST, HOPELESS MISSION. DREW HAD TAKEN THE WALLET FROM THE RIDER'S BELT AND WAS EXAMINING THE PAPER.

I THINK THIS IS IT! I MAY HAVE FOUND THE ANSWER TO IT ALL, JOE!

QUIT TALKING IN RIDDLES, MISTER! GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS POOR BLOKE

THE INJURED BOY LOOKED UP AT DREW. HE WAS YOUNG, MAYBE ANOTHER MERE BOY WHO HAD RAISED HIS AGE TO FIND ADVENTURE..

YOU MEAN -
YOU WOULD
RIDE FOR
ME .?

SURE! I'LL FIND
CORPS H.Q.
FOR YOU!

DREW'S DECISION DID NOT MAKE SENSE TO JOE...

WHY ARE YOU STICKING YOUR NECK OUT, MISTER? A MEDAL AIN'T WORTH IT. WE'VE A CHANCE TO GET AWAY

THEN GO AND TAKE THE LAD WITH YOU!



DREW CLIMBED ON TO THE BIKE. BEFORE HE STARTED IT UP, HE SMILED AT JOE...

IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU, JOE. BEST OF LUCK—AND TO YOU, KID!



DREW KICKED THE MACHINE TO LIFE, AND WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD SET OFF FOR THE EAST... AND FOR DANGER...

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE'S GOING TO FIND IT—BUT FOR MY MONEY, IF THERE'S ANYONE WHO CAN DO IT, THAT MAN'S DREW!



Chapter 6. *The Truth*

IT HAD BEEN TWENTY YEARS AGO TO THE DAY. SITTING IN THE TURK'S HEAD, OFF OXFORD STREET, LONDON, JOE HAD FINISHED HIS STORY.

THE CORPS COMMANDER GOT BACK, THANKS TO DREW. BUT I RECKON YOU'LL AGREE THAT I WAS THE LAST TO SEE CHRIS DREW.



A STRANGER AT THE NEXT TABLE HAD BEEN LISTENING INTENTLY, AT FIRST PRETENDING NOT TO DO SO, BUT DISCARDING PRETENCE AS TIME WENT ON. NOW HE SPOKE...

PARDON, M'SIEUR—
BUT YOU WERE NOT
THE LAST ONE TO SEE
DREW. I WAS THE
LAST MAN HERE TO
SEE HIM! AND IT
WAS I WHO WARNED
YOUR CORPS
COMMANDER!



THE STRANGER'S NAME WAS JACQUES LAGONDE. HE HAD BEEN AN OFFICER IN THE FRENCH ARMY AND THE GESTAPO HAD ARRESTED HIM - FOR SPYING.

I WAS IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, YOU UNDERSTAND, AND DEATH CAME QUICKLY TO SPIES. THEN THEY BROUGHT THIS MAN DREW AND THREW HIM IN MY CELL. HE, TOO, HAD BEEN CAUGHT - IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES.



HE HAD TOLD LAGONDE OF HIS MISSION - SO NEAR SUCCESS AND STILL A FAILURE!

I GOT NEAR BUT I COULDN'T FIND CORPS HEADQUARTERS.

I KNOW WHERE IT IS! NOT TOO FAR FROM HERE! BUT WHAT DOES IT MATTER! WE ARE BOTH TO DIE.



THE WORDS SNAPPED DREW INTO ACTION. IF LAGONDE KNEW WHERE H.Q. WAS - THEN THE FRENCHMAN MUST ESCAPE AND TAKE THE MESSAGE.



DREW HAD BEEN AS GOOD AS HIS WORD. WHEN THE GUARD HAD ENTERED THE CELL, DREW WENT FOR HIS KNEES LIKE A WILDCAT, FIGHTING HIM FOR HIS GUN...

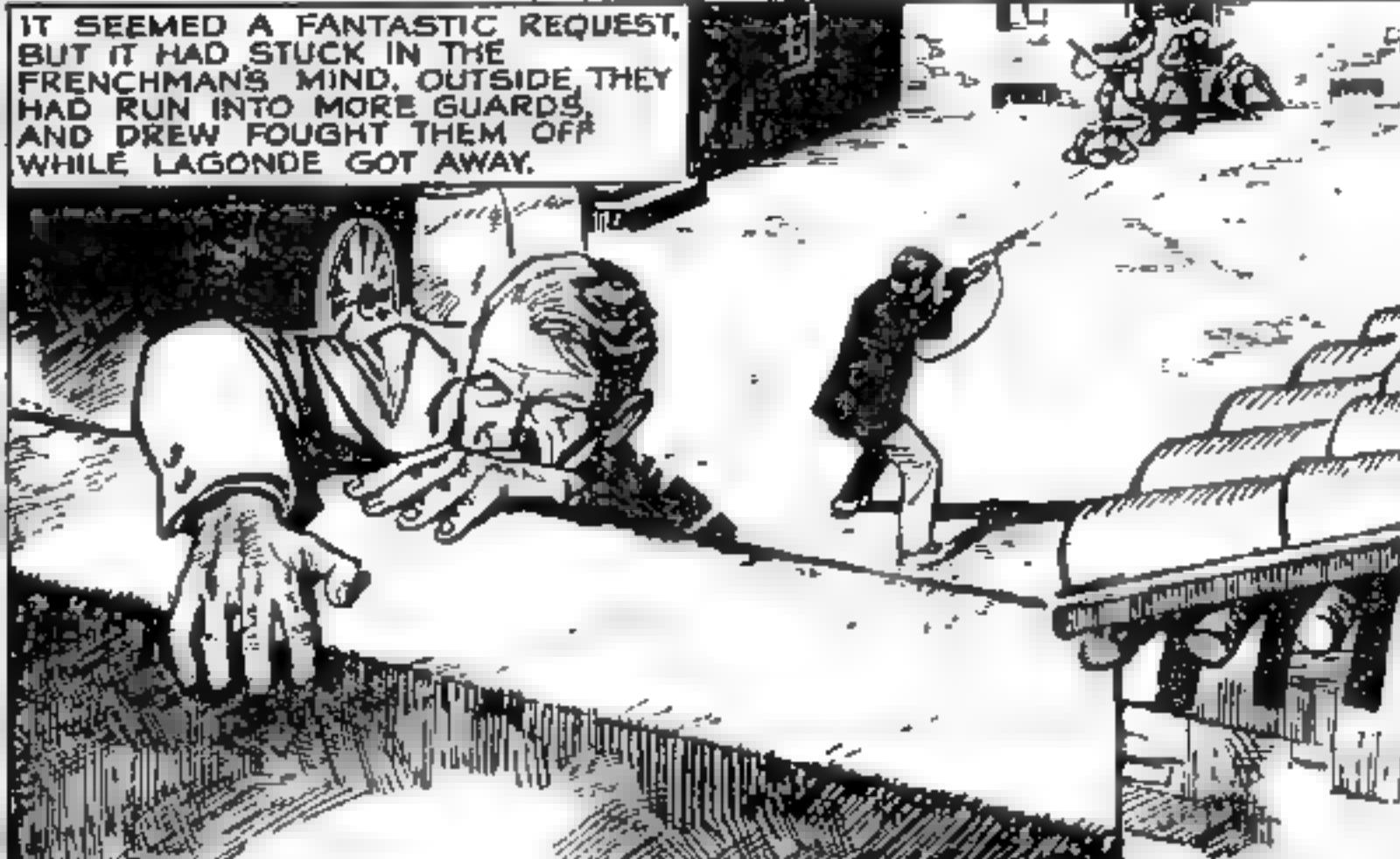


BEFORE THEY SET OUT FROM THE CELL, DREW
FORCED LAGONDE TO ACCEPT AN ODD PROMISE...

COME -
WE WILL
BOTH GO!

NO! I'LL COVER
THE REAR. YOU
MUST GET
THROUGH! AND
LAGONDE - PROMISE
ME THIS. ON THE
TWENTIETH OF MAY,
NINETEEN-SIXTY - GO
TO THE TURK'S HEAD
HOTEL, OFF OXFORD
STREET, IN LONDON.
FRIENDS OF MINE
WILL BE THERE.
TELL THEM WHAT
HAPPENED...

IT SEEMED A FANTASTIC REQUEST,
BUT IT HAD STUCK IN THE
FRENCHMAN'S MIND. OUTSIDE, THEY
HAD RUN INTO MORE GUARDS,
AND DREW FOUGHT THEM OFF
WHILE LAGONDE GOT AWAY.



Missing. Believed Killed

FOR DREW IT HAD BEEN THE END. NO MAN COULD HAVE SURVIVED LONG AGAINST SUCH ODDS.

I TOOK THE MESSAGE TO THE CORPS H.Q. LATER, THEY GAVE ME THE CROIX DE GUERRE BUT I HAVE ALWAYS REMEMBERED HIS LAST REQUEST!



FOR A MOMENT THERE WAS SILENCE - AS IF ALL OF THEM WERE REMEMBERING AGAIN THE MAN CALLED DREW. THEN...

I HAVE TRIED THROUGH THE YEARS TO LEARN ABOUT HIM, THIS BRAVE ENGLISHMAN. ALL I COULD FIND WAS THAT HE WAS POSTED AS MISSING, BELIEVED KILLED IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR. AFTER THAT - NOTHING!



YET ONE THING STILL PUZZLED JOE JOHNSON...

BUT WHY
DID HE GET US
HERE? WHY
DID HE PICK
THIS PUB?

I CAN
EXPLAIN THAT!
CHRISTOPHER DREW
WAS MY BROTHER! HE
WAS BORN HERE! OUR
PARENTS KEPT THIS
HOUSE, AND I TOOK
IT OVER WHEN
THEY DIED.



THE PUBLICAN WENT TO A CUPBOARD BEHIND THE BAR. FROM IT HE TOOK A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH.

FROM
THAT DAY IN
NINETEEN-EIGHTEEN
WHEN HE WAS REPORTED
MISSING, UNTIL
TONIGHT I THOUGHT
HE HAD DIED IN
THE FIRST
WAR.



SOMETHING HAD GRIPPED ALL THEIR HEARTS. LAGONDE WAS A FRENCHMAN - HIS GESTURE WAS TYPICAL...



A BRAVE MAN; THAT WAS CHRIS DREW! ON THAT EVENING IN MAY, 1960, FOUR MEN TOASTED THE STRANGER WHO HAD SAVED THEIR LIVES...



... AND THE PROUD LANDLORD STOOD IN SILENT HOMAGE TO HIS BROTHER, A MAN WHO HAD RUN IN TERROR FROM ONE WAR — AND DIED WITH SELFLESS VALOUR IN ANOTHER!

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They fought, while the red fury of war
rolled across the land !



In battle he proved he was fit to join
their valiant ranks !

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Show them you can become a husky he-man

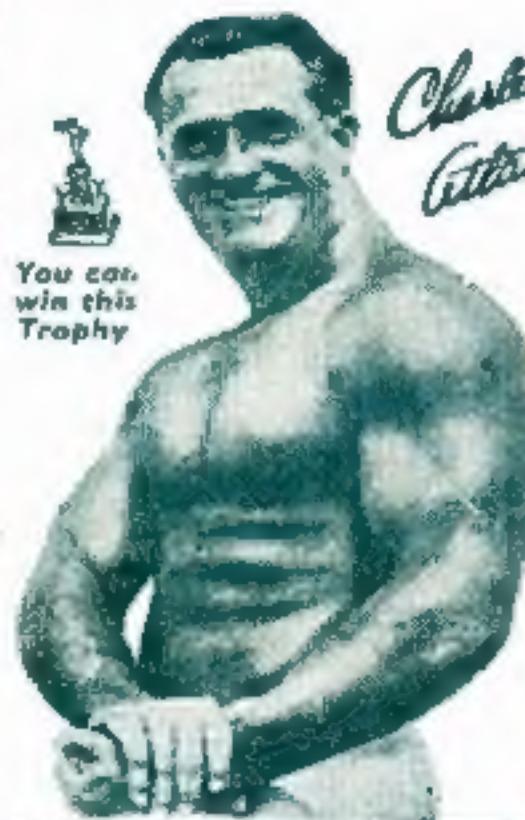
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